THE CANADIAN READERS

BOOK 1

A PRIMER AND FIRST READER

Evelyn Stringer

THE CANADIAN READERS

Book I

A PRIMER AND FIRST READER

Authorized for Use in the Public Schools of Manitoba Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia

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1931

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Reprinted 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927,
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PRINTED IN CANADA

A PRIMER

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Tom Tinker had a dog.

It said, "Bow-wow!"

Jack Sprat had a cat.

It said, "Meow! Meow!"

Betty Pringle had a pig.
It said, "Ough! Ough!"

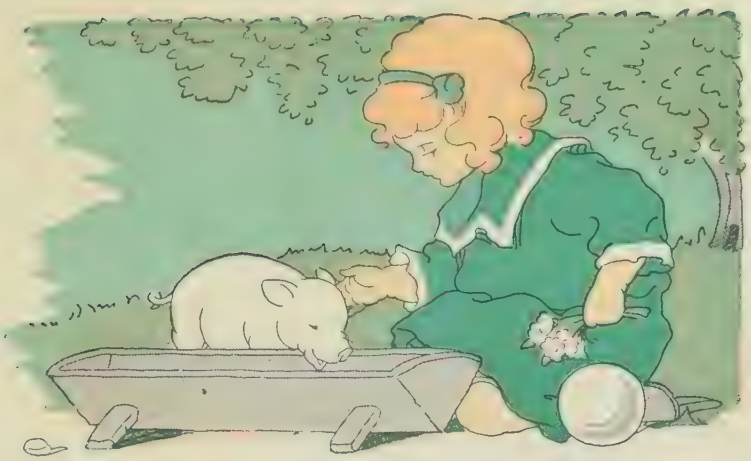
The Little Red Hen
had some chicks.
They said, 'Peep! Peep!"

Tom Tinker said,
"I had a dog
And a dog loved me,
And I fed my dog
Under a hollow tree.

My dog went,
'Bow-wow-wow!'"

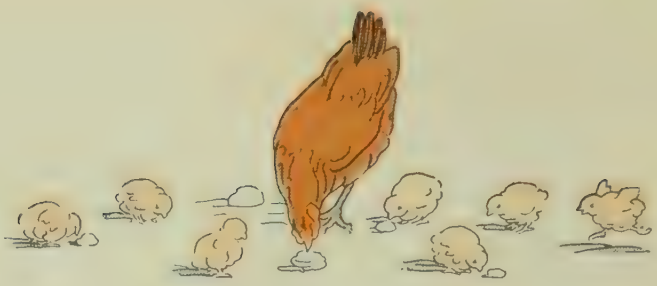
Jack Sprat said,
"I had a cat
And a cat loved me,
And I fed my cat
Under a hollow tree.

My cat went,
'Meow! Meow! Meow!'"



Betty Pringle said,
"I had a pig
And a pig loved me,
And I fed my pig
Under a hollow tree.

My pig went,
'Ough! Ough! Ough!'"



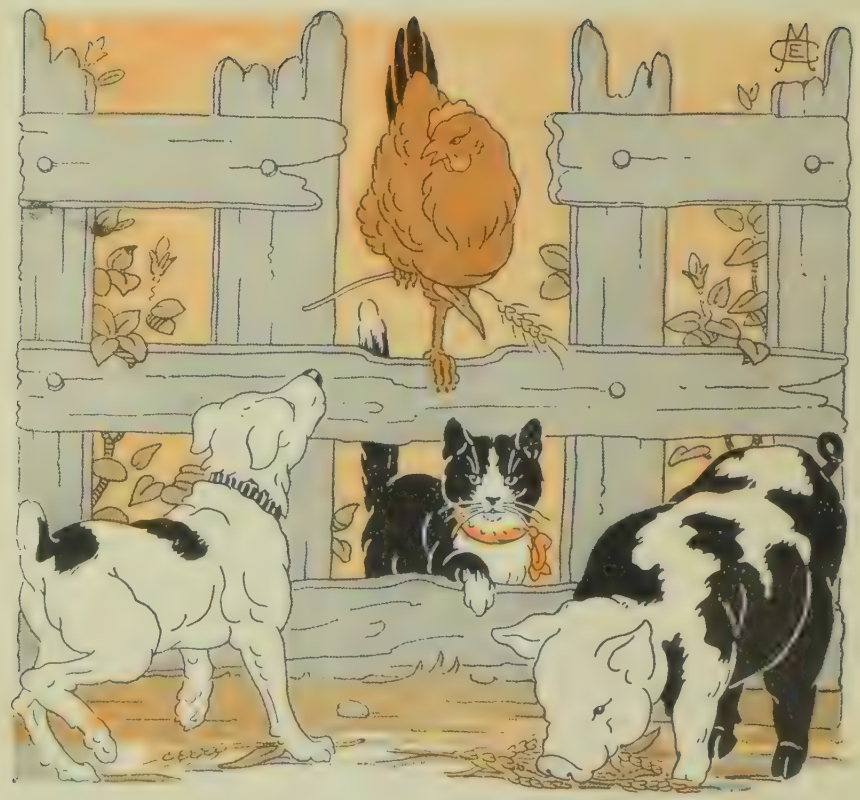
The Little Red Hen said,

"I had some chicks
And my chicks loved me,
And I fed my chicks
Under a hollow tree.

My chicks went,

'Peep! Peep! Peep!'"

Daffy-Down-Dilly
Has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat,
And a green gown.



THE LITTLE RED HEN

The Little Red Hen
found some wheat.

She called the cat.

She called the dog.

She called the pig.

The Little Red Hen said,
"Who will help me plant the wheat?"

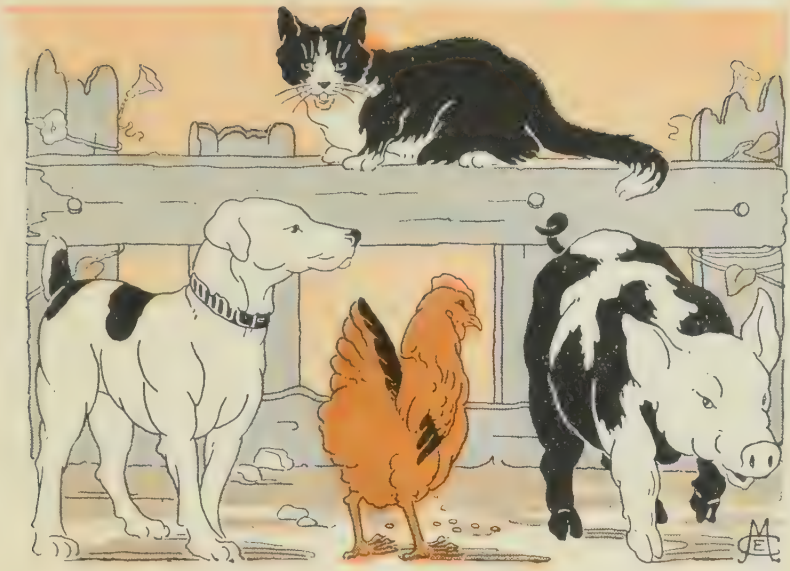
"Not I," said the cat.
"Not I," said the dog.
"Not I," said the pig.

The Little Red Hen said,
"Then I will plant the wheat."
And she did.

The Little Red Hen said,
"Who will help me cut the wheat?"

"Not I," said the cat.
"Not I," said the dog.
"Not I," said the pig.

The Little Red Hen said,
"Then I will cut the wheat."
And she did.



The Little Red Hen said,
"Who will help me grind the wheat?"

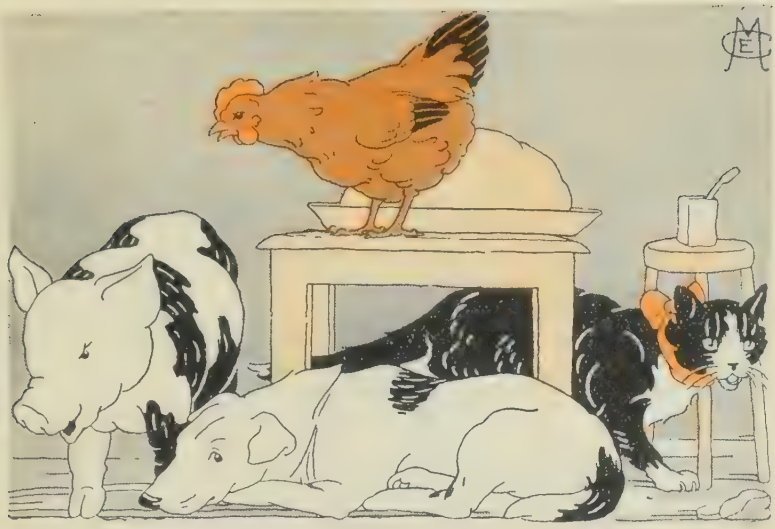
"Not I," said the cat.
"Not I," said the dog.
"Not I," said the pig.

"Then I will grind the wheat,"
said the Little Red Hen.
And she did.

The Little Red Hen said,
"Who will help me make the bread?"

"Not I," said the cat.
"Not I," said the dog.
"Not I," said the pig.

"Then I will make the bread,"
said the Little Red Hen.
And she did.



"Who will help me bake the bread?"
said the Little Red Hen.

"Not I," said the cat.
"Not I," said the dog.
"Not I," said the pig.

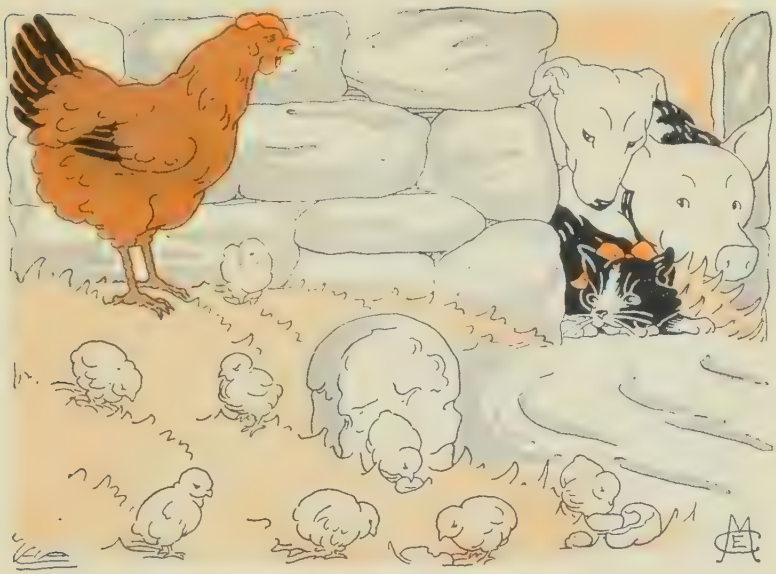
"Then I will bake it myself,"
said the Little Red Hen.
And she did.

The Little Red Hen said,
"Who will help me eat the bread?"

"Meow! Meow! Meow!"
"I will," said the cat.

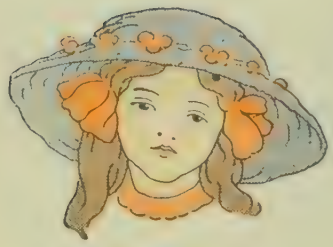
"Bow-wow-wow!"
"I will," said the dog.

"Ough! Ough! Ough!"
"I will," said the pig.



The Little Red Hen said,
"You would not plant the wheat.
You would not cut the wheat.
You would not grind the wheat.
You would not make the bread.
You shall not eat the bread.
My little chicks shall eat the bread."
And they did.

Mother Goose



Bo-Peep

Miss Muffet

Boy Blue

Jack Horner

Polly

Tom Tinker

Jill Jack

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill,
To get a pail of water.
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

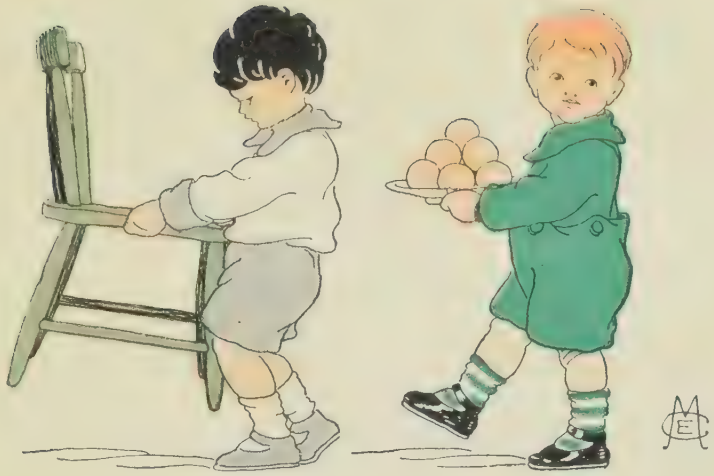
"Who would like
to have a tea party?"
said Mother Goose.

"I would," said Polly.
"I would," said Tom Tinker.
"I would," said Miss Muffet.

"Who will get the water
to make the tea?"

"I will get the water," said Jack.
"I will help you," said Jill.

Jack and Jill went
to get the water.



"Who will help me
set the table?"
said Mother Goose.

"I will help you," said Bo-Peep.
"I will help, too," said Boy Blue.
"I will get the chairs,"
said Jack Horner.

"Thank you, children,"
said Mother Goose.

Jack and Jill came in
with the pail of water.

"Here is the water," said Jack.
"I fell down and broke my crown.
Jill came tumbling after me.
The pail came tumbling down, too.
Mother Goose helped me up.

Jill and I went back
to get the water."

"Who will make the tea?"
said Mother Goose.

"I will," said Jack Horner.
"I will," said Boy Blue.
"I will," said Tom Tinker.

"No, I will make the tea," said Polly.

They all sang:
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
We'll all take tea.

Soon the kettle sang.
"Come to tea, come to tea,"
called Polly.

"Oh, see the pretty flowers!
And the little cakes!
Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Mother Goose sat in the big chair.

After tea, Miss Muffet said,
"Thank you, Mother Goose."
All the children said,
"Thank you," and
Boy Blue said, "I would like
to have a party, too."

HI DIDDLE DIDDLE

Hi, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.

The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away
with the spoon.

GOOD SPORT

Pussy-Cat was fast asleep.

The moon looked in
at the open door.
"Oh, ho!" she said,
"I shall have some fun.
Jump up, Pussy-Cat, jump up."
Pussy-Cat jumped up.

"Will you sing to me Pussy?"
said the moon.
"Yes, I will sing if you
will play the fiddle," said Pussy.

"I cannot play," said the moon,
"Then I must," said Pussy.

"Hi, diddle, diddle,
Hi, diddle, diddle,"
she sang.

The moon laughed and laughed,
Pussy-Cat was so funny.

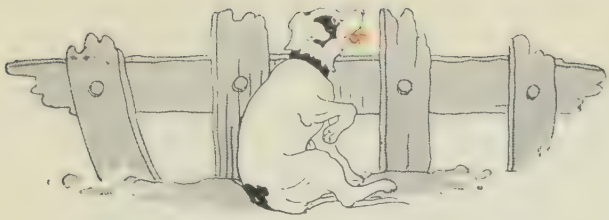
"Oh, look," said the moon,
"here comes the cow."
"Can the cow sing?"
said the moon.

"Hi, diddle, diddle,
Hi, diddle, diddle,"
sang the cow,
as she ran after the cat.

The cow ran up and down.
She jumped over a box.
She upset the table
with the dish on it.

Then she saw the moon
laughing at her.
"I shall jump over you, too,"
said the cow,
and over she went.

The dish jumped up
and ran away with the spoon.



The little dog laughed so much
that he could not run.
He laughed so much
that he could not jump.
"Oh, what sport!", he said.

"Yes," said the moon,
"You and I have fun
when the children
are fast asleep."

Bow-wow-wow,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow-wow-wow.

Tom Tinker's dog went up the hill.
A little pig came down the hill.

"Bow-wow-wow," said the dog,
"Whose little pig are you?"

"I am Betty Pringle's pig;
I am not very little."

"You are not very big,"
said the dog.

"I am as big as you are,"
said the pig.

"Where are you going, little dog?"
"I am running away,"
said Tom Tinker's dog.

"Why are you running away?"
said the pig.

"The children had a party.
I was not at it,
so I am running away."

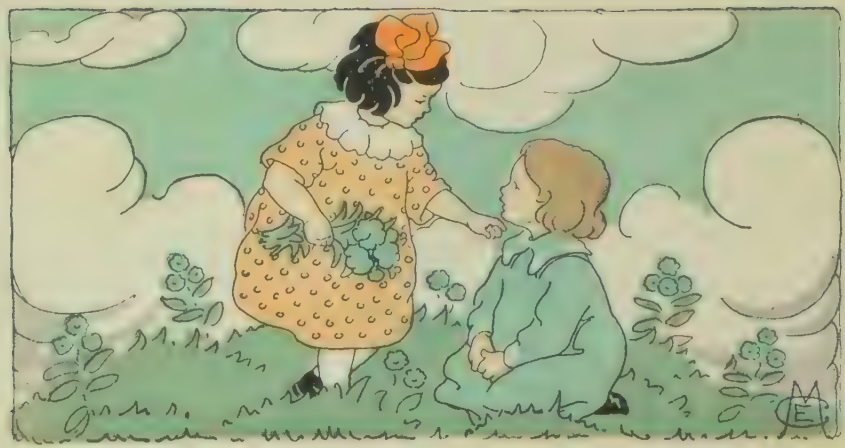
"I shall run away, too,"
said the pig.
And they ran away over the hill.

Little Betty Pringle,
She had a little pig,
It was not very little
And not very big.

LITTLE BETTY BLUE

Little Betty Blue
Lost her holiday shoe.
What can little Betty do?

Give her another
To match the other,
And then she will walk in two.



THE LOST SHOE

"Mother Goose, may we go up the hill
and get some flowers?"
said Polly.

"Yes, Polly, I will come too,"
said Mother Goose.

"I shall bring my dog,"
said Tom Tinker.

Polly ran on to get the flowers.

She met Betty Blue.

"Oh Polly," said Betty,
"I have lost my shoe.
Will you help me find it, Polly?"
"Yes, Betty, after I tell
Mother Goose."

"Betty lost her shoe, Mother Goose.
She had her holiday shoes on.
She lost one on the hill.
She has looked and looked,
but she cannot find it."

"Poor Betty!" said Mother Goose.
"Go and help her to find it."

Boy Blue said,

"Let us go up the hill
and help Betty to find her shoe."

"Come, Betty, take my hand."

March! March!
Two by two,
My little sister
Lost her shoe.

Come, Jack and Jill.
Come, Polly and Miss Muffet.
Come, Tom and Jack Horner.
Good-bye, Mother Goose."

"Where can that shoe be?"
said Miss Muffet.
"I have looked and looked.
I cannot find it."

"Where can my dog be?"
said Tom Tinker.
"I have looked and looked
but I cannot see him."

"Oh, Tom Tinker, Look! Look!"
said Polly.
"Here comes your dog!"

Tom Tinker ran to meet him.
"Good little dog! Good little dog!"
he said.
"Come to me, Come: Good dog!"

"Oh, Betty, Betty!" called Tom Tinker.
"My little dog has your shoe.
I will bring it to you."

"Oh, thank you, Tom Tinker."
"Now I have another
To match the other."

The children ran to tell Mother Goose.
"I have found my shoe,"
said Betty.
"And I have found my dog,"
said Tom Tinker.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone,
And they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

FINDING THE SHEEP

"Where is Bo-Peep, children?"
said Mother Goose.
"She went to bring the sheep home,"
said Miss Muffet.
"Did she go alone?"
said Mother Goose.
"Yes," said the children;
"Shall we go to help her?"

The children ran to find Bo-Peep.

"There she is on the hill,"
said Jack Horner.
"There are no sheep with her,"
said Polly.
"She has not found them,"
said Boy Blue.

"She sees us!
She is coming down!
Where are your sheep, Bo-Peep?"

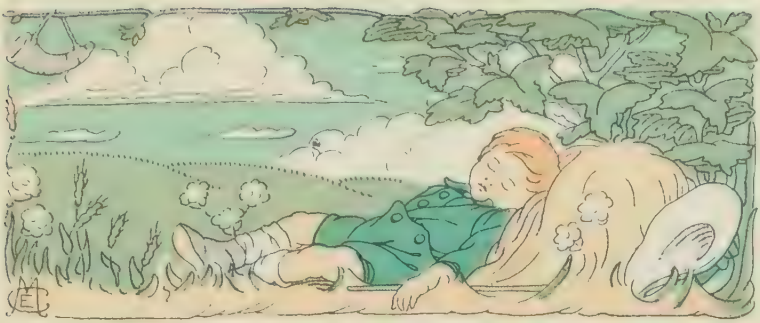
"I cannot find them.
I have looked and looked.
Where can they be?
Oh, where can they be?"

"They are eating grass
where we cannot see them,"
said Boy Blue.

"Leave them alone,
and they'll come home.
Tom Tinker's dog came home,"
said Polly.

Bo-Peep and Polly went over the hill.
They came back with the sheep.

"I found them," said Bo-Peep.
"They were coming home."



LITTLE BOY BLUE

Little Boy Blue, come,
blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow,
the cow's in the corn;

But where is the little boy
tending the sheep?
He's under the haycock fast asleep.

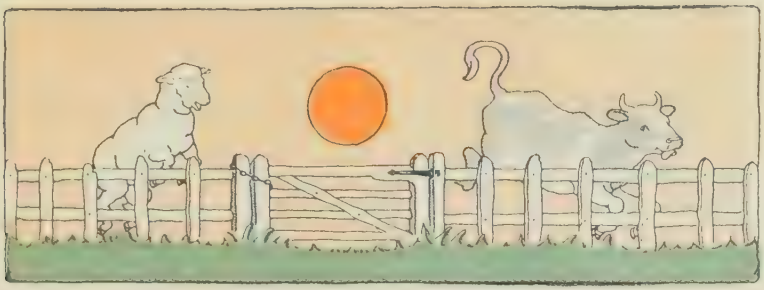
Boy Blue was blowing his horn.

Farmer Brown called him and said,
"I am going to town. Will you
look after the cows and the sheep
until I come back?"

"Oh yes," said Boy Blue,
"I will look after them."

"Keep the gate shut,"
said Farmer Brown.
"Oh yes," said Boy Blue,
"I will keep it shut."

The hay in the meadow
looked good to eat.
"Baa! Baa! I do not like this grass."



"I shall jump into the meadow
and eat hay," said the sheep.

The sheep jumped and jumped.
She did not get in.

"Moo-oo," said the cow.
"How green that corn looks.
I shall jump over and eat it."

The cow jumped and jumped.
She did not get in.

Boy Blue went to play
in the meadow. He had great fun
tumbling in the hay.

The day was very hot. Boy Blue
lay down beside a haycock
and soon was fast asleep.

"Baa! Baa!" said the old sheep,
"Boy Blue has left the gate open.
Now I can get into the meadow."

"Moo-oo!," said the cow. "Now
I can get into the cornfield."

Farmer Brown came home and
found the gate open.
He found the sheep in the meadow.

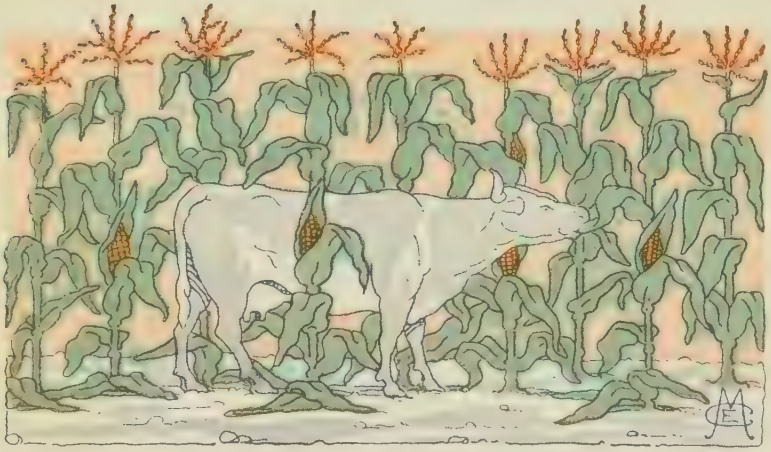
He found the cow in the corn.

He found Boy Blue fast asleep under the haycock.

Farmer Brown laughed.

"Boy Blue is asleep," he said.

"He is too little to look after the sheep."



LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating of curds and whey.

Along came a spider
And sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Boy Blue took Miss Muffet
for a walk.

"Come and see the house
Farmer Brown built for the pigs,"
said Boy Blue.

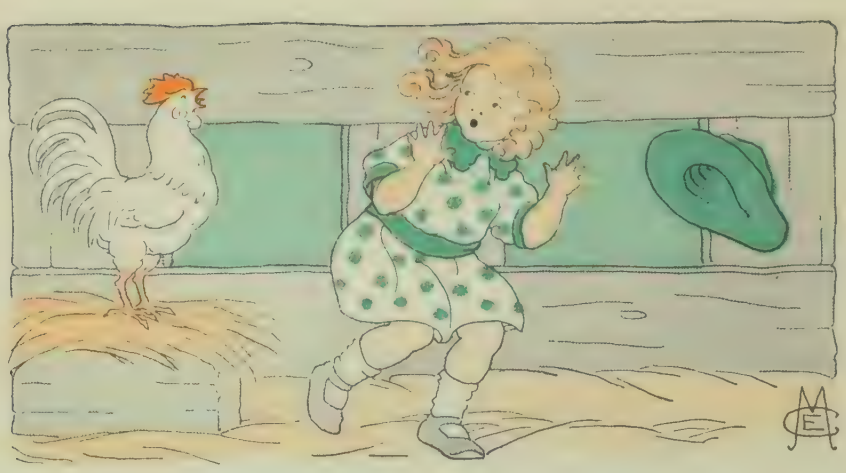
"I do not like pigs,"
said Miss Muffet.

In the meadow the cow looked at her
and said, "Moo-oo-oo."

Miss Muffet was frightened.
"I do not like cows," said she.

"What do you like?" said Boy Blue.

"I like little chicks," said she.



Boy Blue and Miss Muffet went to feed the hens. Miss Muffet gave them some wheat.

The old cock jumped up on a box and crowed "Cock-a-doodle-doo." He frightened Miss Muffet so much that she ran away.

Mother Goose called them.
"Come children. Come to tea."

She gave Miss Muffet a dish
of curds and whey.

Boy Blue did not like curds
and whey, so Mother Goose
gave him bread and milk.

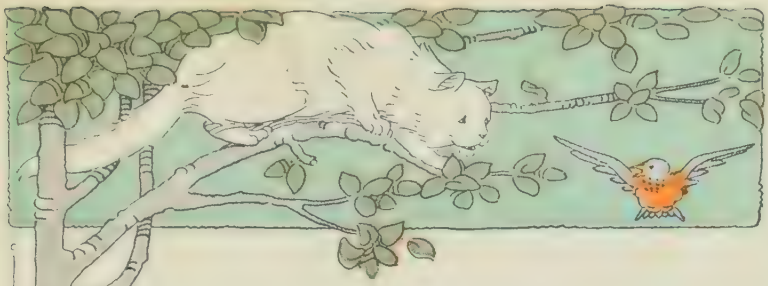
Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
and Boy Blue sat on a chair.

A spider came behind Miss Muffet.
It came up on the tuffet
beside her. She jumped up
and ran away.

Mother Goose laughed
when Miss Muffet ran away
from the little spider.

Boy Blue laughed, too, and said,
"The cow frightened her.
The pigs frightened her.
The cock frightened her.
Now, the spider has frightened her."

Mother Goose called,
"Come back, Miss Muffet,
You have frightened the spider
away."



ROBIN AND PUSSY-CAT

Little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy-cat,
And down went he.

Down came Pussy-cat,
Away Robin ran;
Says Little Robin Redbreast,
"Catch me if you can."

Robin

I like to be up in a tree.
The cat sees me.
She is coming up the tree.
I shall fly down
when she gets up to the top.
Here I go.

Pussy-cat

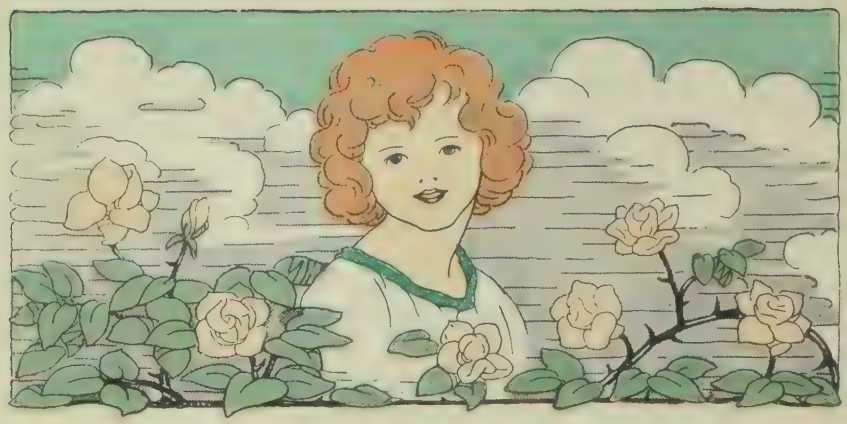
Here I am up in the tree.
Where is that robin?
I cannot see him.
Why, there he is on the ground.
I can catch him there.
I shall go down.

Robin

Come on, Pussy.
Here I am, Run! Run!
You have four feet.
I have only two.
Catch me if you can.
Ha! Ha! Pussy!
You see I have two wings.
They are a great help.
Good-bye, Pussy.

Pussy-cat

Meow! Meow! Meow!



MY LITTLE ROSE

There are roses
that grow on a vine,
There are roses
that grow on a tree,
But my little Rose
grows on ten little toes,
And she is the rose for me.

A, B, C, D, E, F, G,

H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P,

Q, R, S, T, U, V,

W, X, Y, Z.

I have said my A, B, C.

a, b, c, d, e, f, g,

h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p,

q, r, s, t, u, v,

w, x, y, z.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

Land of our Birth,
We pledge to thee
Our love and toil
In the years to be;

When we are grown
And take our place
As men and women
With our race.

—KIPLING

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG

THE UNION JACK

RED SAYS : BE BRAVE.

WHITE SAYS : BE PURE.

BLUE SAYS : BE TRUE.

GOD SAVE THE KING

A FIRST READER

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THE GINGERBREAD BOY

Once there was
a little old woman and
a little old man.

They lived in a little old house.

The little old woman made cakes
in a little old pan
in a little old oven.

She made a Gingerbread Boy
and put it in the oven to bake.
When she opened the oven,
out jumped the Gingerbread Boy
and ran away down the road.

"Stop, stop, Little Gingerbread Boy,"
said the little old man.

The Gingerbread Boy called back:
"Run! Run! as fast as you can.
You can't catch me.
I'm the Gingerbread Man."

They ran after him,
but they could not catch him.

The Gingerbread Boy ran on.
Soon he met a cat.

"Stop, Gingerbread Boy,"
said the cat.

The Gingerbread Boy said,
"I ran away
from a little old woman
and a little old man.
I can run away from you,
I can, I can."
The cat ran after him.

The Gingerbread Boy called back,
"Run! Run! as fast as you can!
You can't catch me,
I'm the Gingerbread Man!"

The cat could not catch him.

The Gingerbread Boy ran on.
Soon he met a pig.
"Stop, Gingerbread Boy,"
said the pig.

The Gingerbread Boy said,
"I ran away
from a little old woman,
a little old man,
and a big black cat.
I can run away from you."
The pig ran after him.

The Gingerbread Boy called back,
"Run! Run! as fast as you can!
You can't catch me.
I'm the Gingerbread Man!"

The pig could not catch him.

The Gingerbread Boy ran on until he met a dog.

He called out to the dog,
"I have run away
from a little old woman,
a little old man,
a big black cat,
and a little fat pig.
I can run away from you,
I can, I can!

Run! Run! as fast as you can!
You can't catch me,
I'm the Gingerbread Man!"

"Oh, indeed!" said the dog.
"We will see about that.
You look good to eat."

The Gingerbread Boy ran
just as fast as he could.
But the dog could run faster.

They came to a stream.
The Gingerbread Boy jumped in.
The dog jumped in after him.
The Gingerbread Boy could not swim.
"Get on my head," said the dog.
The Gingerbread Boy got on his head.
"Get on my nose," said the dog.
The Gingerbread Boy got on his nose.

Snap! went the dog's teeth,
and that was the end
of the Gingerbread Boy.

THE LITTLE BOY'S DREAM

A little boy was dreaming
Upon his mother's lap,
That the pins fell out
of all the stars,
And the stars fell into his cap.

So when his dream was over,
What did that little boy do?
He went and looked inside his cap,
And found it was not true.

CHICKEN LITTLE

Chicken Little was in the garden.
A leaf fell on her head.

"What is that?" said Chicken Little.
She looked up and saw the blue sky.

"I will go to tell the king
that the sky is falling.
A piece of it fell on my head."

Chicken Little ran down the road
until she met Henny Penny.

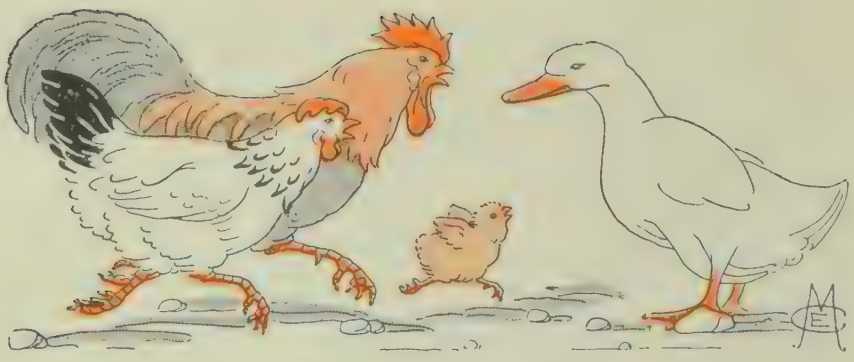
"Where are you going?"
said Henny Penny.

"I am going to tell the king
that the sky is falling,"
said Chicken Little.

"I will go with you,"
said Henny Penny.

They ran down the road
until they met Cocky Locky.

"Where are you going?"
said Cocky Locky.



"I am going to tell the king that the sky is falling."

"I will go with you," said Cocky Locky.

So they ran down the road until they met Ducky Lucky.

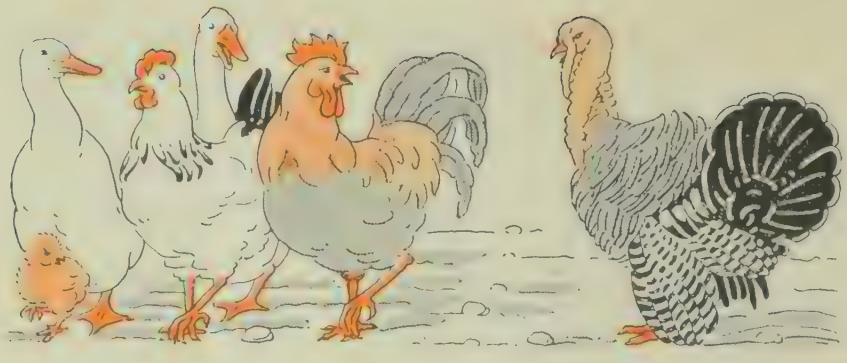
"Where are you going?" said Ducky Lucky.

"I am going to tell the king
that the sky is falling.
A piece of it fell on my head,"
said Chicken Little.

"I will go with you,"
said Ducky Lucky.

So they ran down the road
until they met Goosey Loosey.

"Where are you going?"
said Goosey Loosey.
"I am going to tell the king
that the sky is falling,"
said Chicken Little.
"A piece of it fell on my head."



So they ran down the road
until they met Turkey Lurkey.

"Where are you going?"
said Turkey Lurkey.

"I am going to tell the king
that the sky is falling,"
said Chicken Little.

"I will go with you,"
said Turkey Lurkey.

So they ran down the road
until they met Foxy Loxy.

"Where are you going?"
said Foxy Loxy.

"We are going to tell the king
that the sky is falling.
A piece of it fell on my head,"
said Chicken Little.

"Come with me," said Foxy Loxy.
"I will take you to the king."

But they said, "Oh, no, Foxy Loxy,
we know you. We will not go
with you."

So they ran and ran, but they never found the king's house.

And the king never knew that the sky was falling.

What does the bee do?

Bring home honey.

What does Father do?

Bring home money.

What does Mother do?

Lay out the money.

What does Baby do?

Eat up the honey.

THE BOY AND THE BEE

A rose tree grew in the garden.
A lovely rose was on the tree.

A bee came to the rose tree.
It saw the lovely rose. It wanted
some honey, so it went
into the rose to get it.

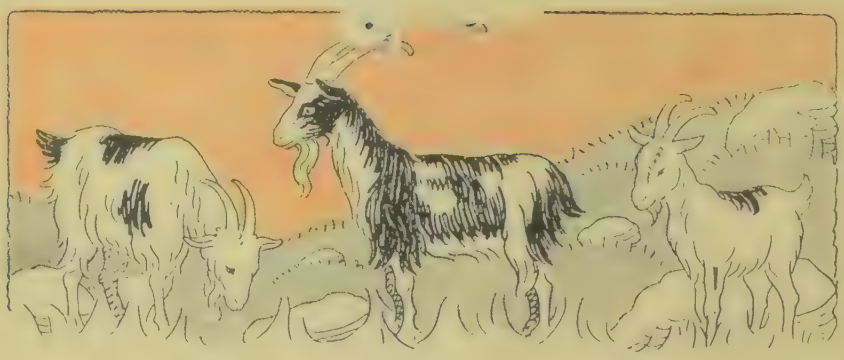
A little boy came to the garden.
He saw the lovely rose, too.

"I want that rose," he said,
so he broke it off. He did not see
the bee but he felt it.

"The rose is hot," he said
as he threw it on the ground.
"It burnt my hand," and he ran home
to tell his mother.

BEES

Bees don't care about the snow;
I can tell you why that's so.
Once I caught a little bee
Who was much too warm for me.



THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF

There were three Billy Goats Gruff.

There was Little Billy Goat Gruff.

There was Middle Billy Goat Gruff.

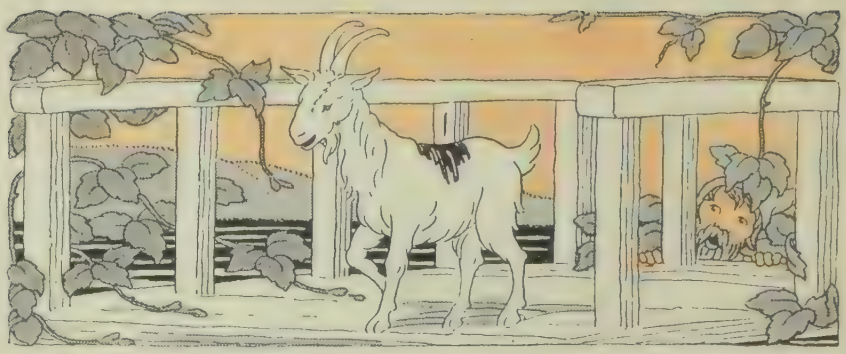
There was Big Billy Goat Gruff.

They liked to eat grass; the grass on the other side of the river was very green.

"Let us go over and eat grass,"
said Little Billy Goat Gruff.
"You go first," said the other goats.

Under the bridge lived a Troll.
If the sun shone on him,
he would burst.
So he had to stay
in the shade.

Little Billy Goat Gruff began
to go over the bridge.
"Who is trip-tripping on my bridge?'
said the Troll.
"I am," said Little Billy Goat Gruff.



"Where are you going?"

"I am going over to eat grass."

"No, you are not. I am going
to eat you."

"Oh, no! don't eat me.
Eat Middle Billy Goat Gruff,
he is much bigger."
"Then be off," said the Troll.

Middle Billy Goat Gruff came next.

"Trip, trap," said the bridge.

"Who is trip-trapping on my bridge?"
said the Troll.

"I am," said Middle Billy Goat Gruff.

"Where are you going?"

"I am going over the bridge
to eat grass."

"No, you are not. I am going
to eat you."

"Oh, don't eat me. Eat Big Billy Goat
Gruff. He is bigger than I am."

"Then be off," said the Troll.

Big Billy Goat Gruff came next.

"Trip, trop, trip, trop,"
said the bridge.

"Who is trip-tropping on my bridge?"
said the Troll.

"I am," said Big Billy Goat Gruff.

"Where are you going?"

"I am going over the bridge
to eat grass."

"No, you are not. I am coming out
to eat you," shouted the Troll.

Out he came. Big Billy Goat Gruff
ran at him and knocked him
heels over head.

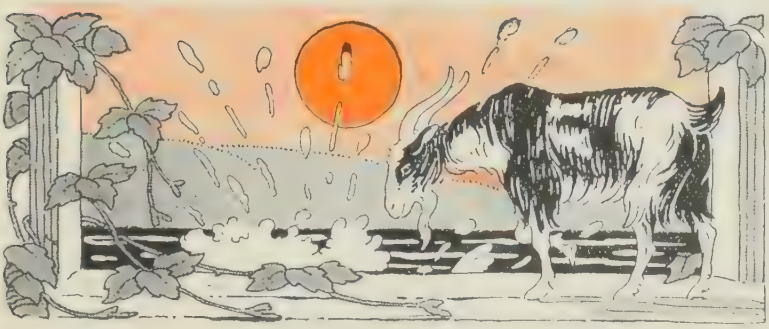
The sun shone on him and ------

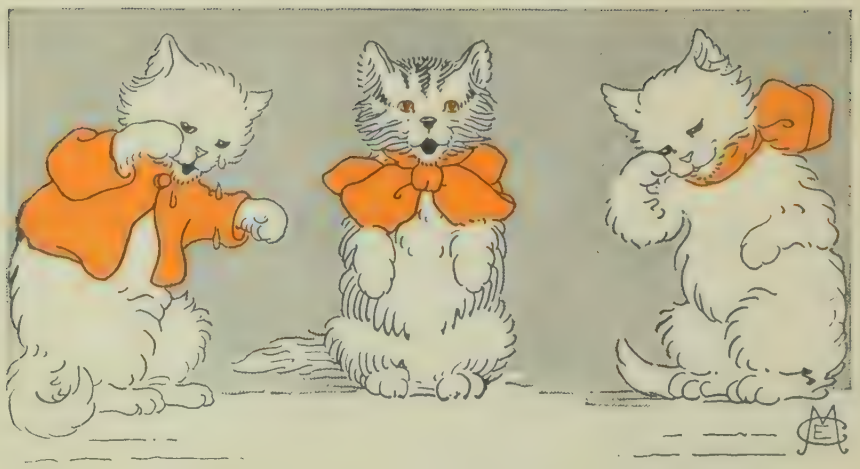
Pop! Bang! off he went,

and that was the last of the Troll.

The three goats found all the grass
they could eat. They grew fat.
But they never went back

to their old home.





THREE LITTLE KITTENS

Three little kittens
lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh, Mother, dear,
We very much fear,
That we have lost our mittens."

"What! lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie."

"Meow, Meow, Meow."
"No, you shall have no pie."

The three little kittens
found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh, Mother, dear,
See here, see here!
See! we have found our mittens."

"Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you may have some pie."

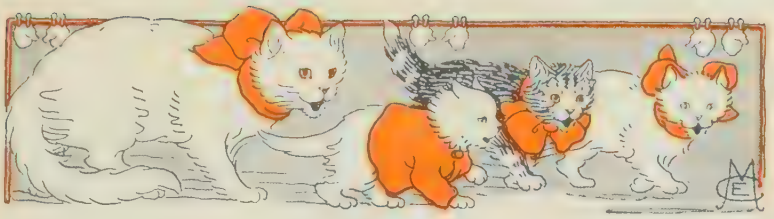
"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh, let us have some pie."

The three little kittens
put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
"Oh, Mother, dear,
We greatly fear,
That we have soiled our mittens."

"What! soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!"

Then they began to sigh,
"Meow, Meow, Meow."

The three little kittens
washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;



"Oh, Mother, dear,
Do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens?"

"What! washed your mittens!
Then you're good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by.
Hush! Hush!"

"Meow, Meow,
We smell a rat close by,
Meow, Meow, Meow."

THE LITTLE FIR TREE

A jolly little fir tree sang
in the woods:

"I want to be
A Christmas tree.
I want to be
A Christmas tree."

The snow came down
in big white flakes.
The little tree looked very pretty.

A man came to the wood
with an axe in his hand.

"This will make
a good Christmas tree," he said,
as he cut a tall one.

The wind blew the little tree
and it sang:

"O dear, O dear!
I am too small.
Will no one come
For me at all?"

Molly and her father came
for a tree. He said, "I like
this big one. Shall we take it?"

"Oh no, Daddy, not that one," said Molly. "Take this little tree with the snow on it.
Mother wants one for the table.
We must have this tree."

And all the time Molly's father was cutting it, the little tree sang:

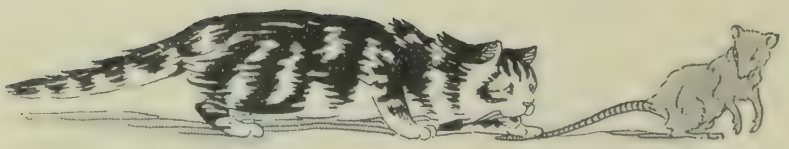
"I am to be
A Christmas tree.
I am to be
A Christmas tree."

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

This is the house
that Jack built.

This is the malt
That lay in the house
that Jack built.

This is the rat,
that ate the malt
that lay in the house
that Jack built.



This is the cat,
that killed the rat,
that ate the malt
that lay in the house
that Jack built.

This is the dog,

that worried the cat,

that killed the rat,

that ate the malt

that lay in the house

that Jack built.

This is the cow

with the crumpled horn,

that tossed the dog,

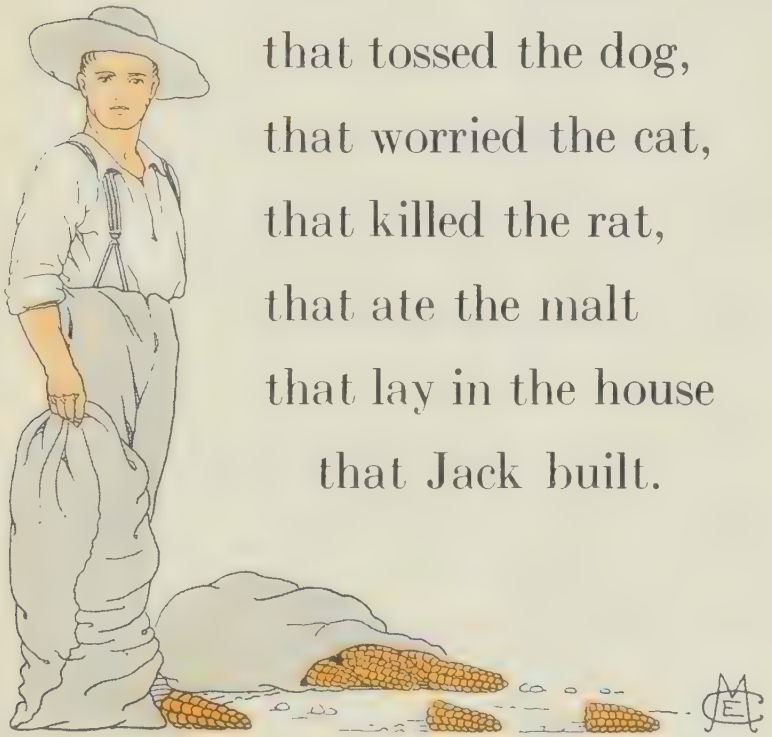
that worried the cat,

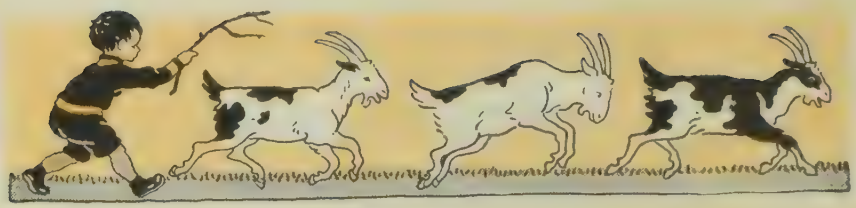
that killed the rat,

that ate the malt
that lay in the house
that Jack built.

This is the cock
that crowed in the morn,
that waked the cow
with the crumpled horn,
that tossed the dog,
that worried the cat,
that killed the rat,
that ate the malt
that lay in the house
that Jack built.

This is the farmer
who planted the corn,
that kept the cock
that crowed in the morn,
that waked the cow
with the crumpled horn,
that tossed the dog,
that worried the cat,
that killed the rat,
that ate the malt
that lay in the house
that Jack built.





HOW THE BEE DID IT

There was once a boy who had three goats.

All day long the three goats ran and played in the meadow. At night the boy drove them home.

One night the frisky goats jumped into a turnip field. The boy tried to get them out, but he could not.

Then he sat down and cried.

A hare came along and asked,

"Why do you cry?"

"I cry because I cannot get the goats out of the field," said the boy.

"Let me try," said the hare.

So he tried, but the goats would not come out.

Then the hare, too, sat down and cried.

Along came a fox.

"Why do you cry?" asked the fox.

"I am crying because the boy cries," said the hare.

"The boy cries because he cannot get the goats out of the field."

"Let me try," said the fox.

So the fox tried to get them out of the field. But the goats would not come out.

Then the fox, too, began to cry.

Soon after a wolf came along.

"Why do you cry?" asked the wolf.

"I cry because the hare cries," said the fox.

"The hare cries because the boy cries."

"The boy cries because he cannot get the goats out of the field."

"Let me try," said the wolf.

He tried, but the goats
would not come out of the field.

So he sat down with the others
and began to cry, too.

After a little, a bee flew over
and saw them all crying.

"Why do you cry?" said the bee
to the wolf.

"I am crying because the fox cries.
The fox cries because the hare cries.
The hare cries because the boy cries.
The boy cries because he cannot
get the goats out of the field.

"I'll do it," said the bee.

Then the big animals and the boy
stopped crying a moment
to laugh at the tiny bee.

But the bee flew into the field
and lit upon the big goat.

She stung him on his ears.

She stung him on his legs.

She stung him on his tail.

"Baa-baa-baa!" cried the big goat
and away he ran out of the field,
and all the goats ran after him.

LITTLE WIND

Little Wind blow on the hill-top,
Little Wind blow on the plain,
Little Wind blow up the sunshine,
Little Wind blow off the rain.

THE THREE BEARS

Once there was a great big bear,
a middle-sized bear, and a wee bear.

These bears lived in a house
in the woods.

The great big bear was Father Bear.
The middle-sized bear was
Mother Bear.
The wee wee bear was Baby Bear.

One day Mother Bear made soup
for dinner—three bowls of soup;
a big black bowl for Father Bear,
a small white bowl for Mother Bear,
a little blue bowl for Baby Bear.

Then the three bears went out
for a short morning walk.
They did not see a little girl
playing near their house.

She did not see the bears,
but she saw the little house.
She came slowly over to the door.

"What a dear wee house!" she said.
"I shall see who lives here."

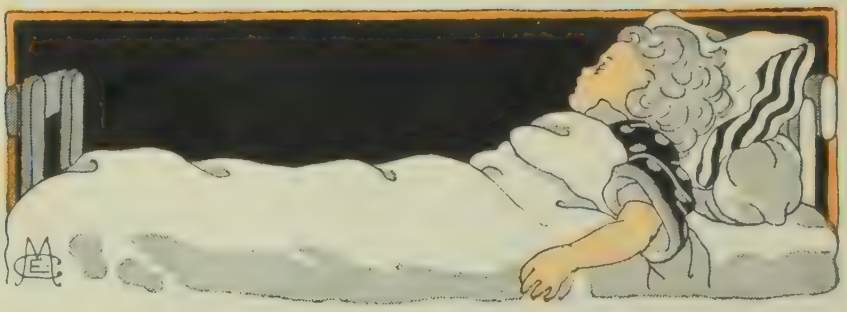
Silverlocks knocked. No one came.
She lifted the latch and went in.
She saw the bowls of soup.

She tasted Father Bear's soup.
It was very hot with pepper.
She tasted Mother Bear's soup.
It was too salty.
She tasted Baby Bear's soup.
It was just right and had bread in it.

She saw three chairs in the house—
a big oak chair for Father Bear,
a rocking chair for Mother Bear,
a wee cane chair for Baby Bear.

She sat in the big chair.
It was too hard.
She sat in the rocking chair.
It was too high.
She sat in the cane chair.
It was just right.
She ate all of Baby Bear's soup.

As she stood on the chair
to put the bowl on the table,
the bottom fell out of the chair.



She went upstairs.

She saw three beds there—

a great big bed for Father Bear,

a middle-sized bed for Mother Bear,

a wee wee bed for Baby Bear.

She tried each bed.

The great big bed was too hard.

The middle-sized bed was too soft.

The wee wee bed was just right,

and she was soon asleep in it.

"The soup will be cool now,"
said Mother Bear.

"Let us go home," said Father Bear.

"I am so hungry," said Baby Bear.

The three bears came home.
They looked at their soup.

Father Bear had a great big voice.
"Who has been tasting my soup?"
he growled.

Mother Bear, in a middle-sized
voice, said,
"Who has been tasting my soup?"

Baby Bear had a wee wee voice.
"Who has eaten all my soup?"
he cried.

"Who has been sitting in my chair?" growled Father Bear.

"Who has been sitting in my chair?" said Mother Bear.

"Who has been sitting in my chair and has broken it?" cried Baby Bear.

Then they rushed upstairs.

"Who has been lying in my bed?" growled Father Bear.

"Who has been lying in my bed?" said Mother Bear.

"Who has been lying in my bed? Oh, here she is; oh, here she is!" cried Baby Bear.

Silverlocks awoke.

She slid off the bed.

She jumped out of the open window.

She flew away home
as fast as she could.

Now, she does not meddle
with things that do not belong to her.

AT THE SEA-SIDE

When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup.
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.

Mother took Bobby and Betty
to the seashore to play.
They each had a pail
and a wooden spade.

"I shall build a house,"
said Bobby, and he began
to pile up sand with his spade.
Then he found a little piece
of wood and cut the wet sand
to make the walls look right.

Betty was digging holes
near the water.
"Oh! Oh!" she cried, "the water
splashed right up in my eyes."

Bobby ran to her.

"I think it was a clam," he said. "Let me dig for it."

Bobby dug and dug. "Here he is," he said, "the naughty little clam that threw water in your eyes."

Then both children dug for clams. They dug a great many holes, but they did not find another clam.

"Come and see my house," said Bobby.

"That is a funny looking house, Bobby. It is so high. I never saw a house like that."

"Yes, Betty, we saw one
when we went up the coast
with Daddy in the big boat.
It was white and it was
on a big rock."

"I know! I know!" cried Betty.
"It was a lighthouse. Yours looks
like that one. Let us ask Mother
to stay till dark and
we'll put a light in it."

The children ran to tell her
about the lighthouse
and to ask her to stay.

"We will stay a little longer,"
she said. "The tide is coming in;
do you wish to wade?"

"Oh yes," they both said,
and off came their shoes.

"Stay near the shore, children,
and don't get your clothes wet,"
said Mother.

They had great fun
wading in the sea.

"See the little boats," said Betty.
"I want to ride in a boat."

"Would you like the red one Betty?
I will wade out and get it."

This made Betty laugh.
"I can wade out too," she said.

Just then a little crab
took a nibble at Betty's toe.

There was a cry, a splash,
and then Betty stood up, dripping.

Mother came running. "Oh Mother,
I did not mean to fall," said Betty.

Mother took off the wet clothes
and put her coat round Betty.

"Lie down on the warm sand
and I will pile it on you,"
said Bobby.

When the clothes were dry,
they took Mother to see
Bobby's lighthouse.

They found the water
coming up very fast.
The spades were afloat,
and Bobby had to run
into the water to get the pails.

Then a great high wave came
and, as it went back,
it took the lighthouse with it.

"Another great loss at sea!"
said Mother, "A lighthouse
swept away."

THE LITTLE HALF-CHICK

An old hen sat on some eggs.

Three round fluffy chickens came out. They had bright black eyes.

The next chick was a little one. He had only one eye, one wing, and one leg. So his mother called him little "Half-chick."

Little Half-chick was very quick. He would hoppety-kick across the yard as fast as the other chicks ran.

One day he said, "I am tired of living in this yard. I am going to Madrid to see the King."

"No! no!" said his mother, "You are too young to go alone so far."

"I shall go to Madrid," said the little Half-chick; "I shall go to-day," and off he went hoppety-kick.

Little Half-chick came to a stream. The water had grass and weeds in it. It could not run.

"Please help me, little Half-chick," said the stream. "The weeds will not let me run."

"I have no time to help you," said little Half-chick. "I am going to Madrid to see the King."

Hoppety-kick, hoppety-kick, went little Half-chick along the road.

He came to a fire that was almost out.

"Please stop and help me, little Half-chick," said the fire. "I am almost gone. Fan me with your wing."

"I have no time to help you," said little Half-chick. "I am going to Madrid to see the King."

Hoppety-kick, hoppety-kick, went little Half-chick along the road.

He came to a large pine tree.
It had many leaves.
The wind was caught in the leaves.

"Please help me," said the wind. "I cannot get free. I cannot blow."

"I have no time to help you," said little Half-chick. "I am going to Madrid to see the King. I begin to see houses," and hoppety-kick, on went the little Half-chick.

Then he came to the King's house. As he went past the house, the cook saw him. "That is just what I want for the King's dinner—chicken soup," she said.

She caught Half-chick and put him in a pot of water over the fire.

"O, Water, please help me; do not drown me," said the little Half-chick.

"When I was in trouble with the weeds you did not help me," said the water.

The water began to boil.

"O, Fire, do not make the water boil so fast," said the little Half-chick. "It burns me."

"Once when I was almost dead, you did not help me," said the fire.

Just then the cook took the lid off the pot. "This chicken is no good," she said, and threw it out of the window.

The wind caught the Half-chick and tossed him up into the air.

"O, Wind, please do not blow me round so fast," said Little Half-chick.

"When I was caught in the leaves of the tree and could not get free, you did not help me," said the wind.

The wind blew faster and faster.

Up, up, up, went the little Half-chick to the top of the roof.

There he is to-day, turning round and round when the wind blows.

Once there were three little pigs. Their mother said one morning,

"You must go out
And make your own houses."

Next day they all went out.

A man came along the road with a load of hay.

"Please, Man, give me some hay. I want to make a house," said the first pig. So the man gave him the hay.

The pig made his house and when night came, he went to bed.

By and by a wolf came and knocked at the door and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin," said the pig, "I won't let you in."

"If you don't let me in,
I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll
blow your house in," said the wolf.

The pig did not let him in.
Then he huffed and he puffed
and he blew the house in
and ate up the poor little pig.

The second pig met a man
with a load of wood.
"Please, Man, give me some wood.
I want to make a house."
The man gave him the wood.

The pig made a house of wood and,
when night came, he went to bed.

Again the wolf came and knocked at the door and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin," said the pig, "I won't let you in."

"If you don't let me in,
I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll
blow your house in," said the wolf.

Then he huffed and puffed
and he blew the house in
and ate up the poor little pig.

The third pig met a man with a load of bricks.

He said, "Please, Man, give me some bricks to make a house."
The man gave him the bricks.

The pig made a strong brick house and, when night came, he went to bed.

By and by the wolf came and knocked at the door and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me in."

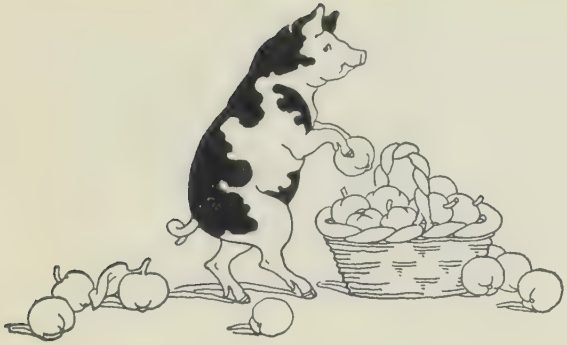
"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin," said the pig, "I won't let you in."

"If you don't let me in,
I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll
blow your house in."

Then he huffed and he puffed,
and he puffed and he huffed, but
he did not blow the house in.

Then the wolf said, "Little pig,
I know where there are nice apples.
Come with me and I will show you.
Be ready at five o'clock
to-morrow morning."

"Yes," said the pig, "I'll be ready."
But he got up at four o'clock
and went for the apples.
He filled his basket.



The wolf came at five o'clock.
He said, "Are you ready, little pig?"
"I found the apple tree,"
said the little pig.
"I got a big basket of apples."

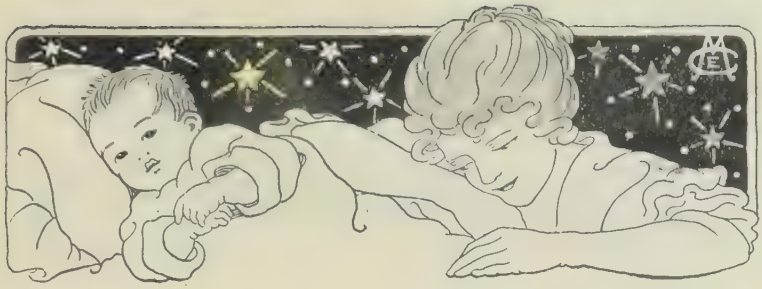
The wolf was very angry and growled
"I'll eat you yet. I'll go up
on the roof and come down
the chimney and eat you."

Now the pig had a big pot
of hot water on the fire.

When the wolf began
to come down the chimney,
the pig took the lid off the pot.

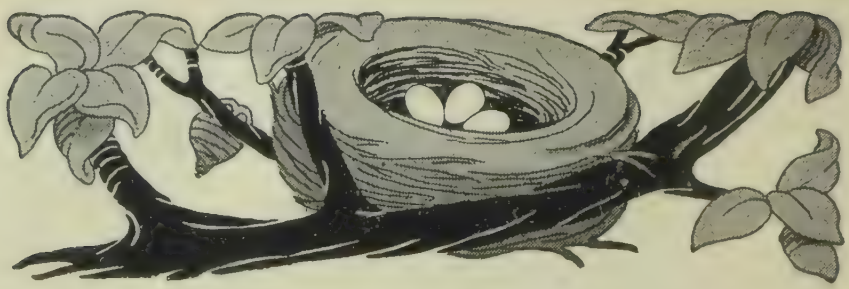
Down came the wolf "Splash"
into the big pot of hot water.

And that was the end
of the big, bad wolf.



Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father's watching the sheep,
Thy mother's shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep.



THE LITTLE BLUE EGG

A little boy and his mother lived in a little house on an old farm.

A little stream of water ran across the farm. Little trees and bushes grew beside the stream.

One summer day the little boy went out of the little house to take a little walk.

He opened the gate and went out into the fields.

When he came to the little stream, he sat down by it to rest under the shade of a little tree.

As he looked up into the tree, he saw a little bird on its nest. The little bird was afraid and flew away.

"Now," said the boy, "I will peep into that nest, just one peep." He did and saw three blue eggs in it. They were very pretty eggs. He said, "I'll take one, just one. The bird will not miss it."

He took the egg home and put it in a little box in the window. He did not tell his mother.

He was tired and lay down upon his bed. He fell asleep.

Was he dreaming? He heard a tap on the window, and a voice said,

"Bring back my little blue egg."

He was ashamed and hid his head under the clothes. He fell asleep.

Again he heard a tap on the window, but louder, and the voice said,

"Bring back my little blue egg."

He was more ashamed and hid his head farther under the clothes. Again he fell asleep.

Once more he heard the tap, tap, on the window. The voice seemed very loud as it said,

"BRING BACK
MY LITTLE BLUE EGG"

The little boy was so ashamed that he jumped out of the bed, took the egg and ran, as fast as he could, to the tree.

The bird was sitting on the nest, She flew up and lit on a limb.

The boy put the egg in the nest.
He said, "Here is your little egg.
I am very, very sorry I took it.
I am ashamed."

The bird said, "Peep! Peep! Peep!"

SPRING WAKING

A snowdrop lay in the sweet, dark
ground,
"Come out," said the Sun, "come out."
But she lay quite still and she
heard no sound;
"Asleep," said the Sun, "no doubt."
The snowdrop heard, for she raised
her head,

"Look spry," said the Sun, "look spry!"

"It's warm," said the Snowdrop, "here in bed."

"Oh, fie!" said the sun, "oh, fie!"

"You call too soon, Mr. Sun, you do!"

"No, no," said the Sun, "oh, no!"

"There's something above and I can't see through."

"It's snow," said the Sun, "just snow."

"But I say, Mr. Sun, are the Robins here?"

"Maybe," said the Sun, "maybe."

"There wasn't a bird when you called
last year."
"Come out," said the Sun, "and see."

The Snowdrop sighed, for she liked
her nap,
And there wasn't a bird in sight,
But she popped out of bed in her
white night-cap;
"That's right," said the Sun, "that's
right!"
And, soon as that small night-cap
was seen,

A Robin began to sing,
The air grew warm, and the grass
turned green.
"'Tis Spring!" laughed the Sun,
"'tis Spring!"

—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

APPENDIX

This book provides easy material of an interesting nature for the purpose of teaching young children to read. It contains the kind of literature which the child loves and which is his rightful heritage. It includes in simplified form many of the children's classics—Mother Goose Tales, Nursery Rhymes, Stories about Children, Animals, Birds, Flowers, etc. These seize his interest, stimulate his imagination, and arouse in him the desire to read. Interest and pleasure in the story is the motive for mastering the vocabulary.

From the beginning the stories are simple, conversational and appealing, and the excellent illustrations will intensify interest. The language is familiar, the sentences short and the phrasing easy. There is careful gradation of difficulties and much repetition of words and phrases to fix the printed form.

While it is suggested that the rhymes should be memorized before being used as reading exercises and that the earlier selections should be taught by the sentence and word method, it is recognized that few, if any, teachers confine their work to a single method, but use a combination of methods found best suited to the needs of their classes.

The Teachers' Manual of Method, published by The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited, describes clearly how various methods of teaching primary reading may be used with this Reader and provides material for silent reading, dramatization, incidental reading growing out of school activities, language exercises, and phonic drill.

WORD LIST: PRIMER

This list gives the new words in the order in which they first appear. The numeral above each group of words refers to the page of the Primer.

5

Tom Tinker
had
dog
it
said
bow-wow

6

Jack Sprat
cat
meow

7

Betty
Pringle
pig
ough

8

little
red
hen
some
chicks
they
peep

9

and
loved
me
fed
my
under
hollow
tree
went

13

Daffy-
down-dilly
has
come
up
to
town
in
yellow
petticoat
green
gown

14

found
wheat
she
called

15

who
hill
help
plant
not
I
then
did

16

cut

17

grind

18

make
bread

19

bake
myself

20

eat

21

you
would
shall

22

Mother Goose
Miss Muffet
Bo-Peep
Boy Blue
Jack Horner
Polly
Jill

23

get
pail
of
water
fell
broke
his
crown
came

tumbling
after

24

like
have
tea
party

25

set
table
chairs
thank
too
children

26

oh
please
when
back
ran
her
with

27

soon
bring
cake
here
is
flower
see
on

29

no
all
sang
put
kettle
we'll
take

30

pretty
sat
big

31

high
diddle
fiddle
cow
jumped
over
moon
laughed
such
sport
dish
away
spoon

32

pussy
was
fast
asleep
looked
open
door
ho
fun
sing
yes
play
must

33

so
funny

34

box
upset
saw
at
laughing

35

much
that
could
what
are

36

whose
thou

37

very
as
where
going
running

38

why

39

Betty Blue
lost
holiday
shoe
do
give
another
match
other

walk
two
40
may
we
go
41
met
find
tell
poor
42
hand
march
sister
good-bye
43
be
but
meet
45
sheep
can't
leave
them
alone
they'll
home
their
tails
behind
47
coming
your
48
eating
grass
49
blow
horn
meadow
corn
tending
he's
under
haycock
50
Farmer Brown
until
gate
shut
hay
baa
moo-oo
52
great
hot
lay
beside
now
54
tuffet
curds
whey
along
spider
frightened
55
took
for
house
built
56
feed
gave
cock-a-
doodle-do
crowed
57
milk
robin
redbreast
says
catch
60
fly
top
ground
61
four
feet
only
ha
wings
62
roses
grow
vine
ten
toes

PHONETIC TABLES

These tables contain selected groups of phonic words similar in type and suitable for practice and illustration. The initial consonant sounds are learned from known words and are first combined with the short sound of the vowel "a" as in **ma, fa, pa, ca,** etc. Then another consonant is added as in the groups below. The sounds of the other vowels are blended similarly with known consonants.

The Teachers' Manual supplies further instruction in methods for teaching and drill in Phonics.

m f p h c b s t g d n a

mad	fat	ham	tag	bat
man	pad	hat	tan	sad
map	pan	can	tap	Sam
mat	pat	cap	bad	sap
fan	had	cat	bag	sat

l r j

lad	dam	nap	rap	gap
lag	Dan	rag	rat	jag
lap	nag	ram	gad	jam
dad	Nan	ran	gag	Jap

Teach the short sound of "i" and blend with known consonants as **mi, fi, pi, hi,** etc. Then build groups based on these. Teach children to pronounce **fi-g fi-ll fi-n,** etc.

fig	pin	hill	tin	big
fill	pit	him	tip	bill
fin	mill	hip	lid	bin
fit	miss	hit	lip	bit
pig	hid	Tim	bid	gig

k w

sin	din	rid	kiss	win
sip	dig	rig	kit	jib
sit	dip	rim	wig	jig
did	nib	rip	will	Jip

Teach the short sound of "o" and use with known consonants. Drill on sounds **b, p, d,** as these are sometimes confused.

mob	hod	pot	Tom	log	not
mop	hog	cob	top	sob	dog
fob	hop	cod	toss	sod	got
fog	hot	cog	tot	rob	job
hob	pop	cot	Bob	rod	jog

Teach the short sound of "u" and use with known consonants and vowels.

mud	fun	hug	puff	purr
muff	fuss	hull	pug	sum
mug	tub	hum	pup	sun
muss	tug	hut	pun	sup
bud	buff	run	dun	gum
bug	burr	rub	dull	gun
bun	rub	dub	nun	gull
but	rug	dug	nut	jug

As the short sound of "e" occurs more rarely than the short sounds of the other vowels it is placed last.

men	pen	beg	red	well
met	peg	bell	Ned	wet
fed	pet	Ben	net	led
fell	hen	sell	Nell	leg
fen	bed	set	get	let

a e i o u with **x** and **v**

fan	bad	gad	sap	vat
fed	bet	get	set	vex
fix	bill	gig	six	Vix
fox	box	got	sod	vox
fun	bun	gun	sup	lux

See that the children recognize the blend, then the first three letters, and finally the whole word as **mi-s-t**

mast	felt	hand	self	bond
mist	fist	hint	send	bent
milk	film	hump	sift	best
mint	tend	hunt	silk	belt
must	tent	sand	band	kept
land	lift	gift	pump	jump
lamp	limp	gilt	punt	just
lend	lint	dump	pond	went
lent	list	dust	nest	west
lest	lost	pulp	next	wind

The consonant digraphs **sh ch ng nk ck** and **tch** must be carefully taught and drilled upon. Teach the children to pronounce thus, **mu-sh mu-ch**

mush	deck	sing	rock	pink
much	pack	song	bang	king
cash	peck	such	bank	fish
catch	pang	rang	back	latch
dish	patch	ring	rung	wing
duck	sang	rich	rink	Jack

In the following words a blend of two consonants precedes the vowel. Children should sound the words thus, **sna-p sla-m sla-p**

snap	spin	flat	brick	trip
slam	spun	fluff	bring	trop
slap	skin	from	clap	twig
slip	skip	frisk	clam	twin
slept	swam	plan	crab	dress
span	swim	plot	crop	drip
spill	flag	drink	trap	drop

Use **th wh ch sh** as initial sounds. Distinguish between **th** in **thin** and in **that.**

thin	that	when	shall	chap
thick	this	whip	shell	chin
thing	them	whim	shin	chip
thank	then	which	ship	chick
think	thus	whiff	shop	chill

Teach the "z" sound of "s" as an ending, "y" at the beginning of words, and "qu."

dogs	ribs	hills	as	yet	quick
runs	eggs	pails	has	yell	queer
hens	fans	gulls	is	yes	quite
pigs	buds	dolls	his	your	quill

Long vowel sounds occur early in the book. Some of the simplest of these may be taught as grouped below.

me	see	meet	oh	my	too
he	bee	feed	ho	by	moo
be	wee	seen	no	cry	soon
we	tree	been	so	try	moon
she	free	green	go	fly	spoon

Teach the long sounds of "a," "e," "i," "o," "u," Emphasize the effect that final "e" has in making the vowel sound long.

man	tap	mat	tam	rid
mane	tape	mate	tame	ride
lane	cape	late	came	side
pane	nape	gate	lame	bide
cane	shape	plate	game	hide
pin	hop	dim	mad	sham
pine	hope	dime	made	shame
dine	mope	time	fade	blame
fine	rope	lime	Sam	rod
wine	slope	clime	same	rode

Note that "s" usually has "z" sound when followed by "e"

nose	these	rise	while	wade
rose	those	drove	shine	spade
close	wise	five	shade	hole

Where two vowels come together the first one usually governs.

ee (seem)	ai (pail)	oa (boat)	ie (tried)	ue (blue)
ea (seat)	ay (play)	oe (toe)	y (my)	ew (dew)

keep	sea	hay	oak	hoe	lie
sleep	tea	day	oar	snow	fie
sheep	dear	may	coast	grow	sky
peep	fear	stay	coat	blow	spry
queen	rain	gray	boat	bowl	due
sweet	maid	play	toe	pie	new

In the following words "oo" has the sound heard in **too.**

too	toot	coon	cool	poor
coo	root	moon	pool	room
moo	hoot	soon	spool	roost
hoof	boot	noon	tool	proof
roof	shoot	spoon	stool	broom

Other book words using the same sound with different spelling.

to	two	who	grew	flew
do	shoe	whose	blew	threw

In the following words "oo" is pronounced as in **took.**

took	look	crook	shook	wood
cook	book	nook	stood	good

"a" and "o" modified by "r"

car	cart	dark	cork	scarf
jar	farm	mark	fork	storm
arm	hard	for	carp	north
art	harm	corn	sharp	short
tar	barn	born	harp	scorn
bar	darn	horn	star	scorch
far	bard	morn	spar	porch

Words containing the sounds of "er," "ir," "ur."

her	fir	girl	hurt	curl
fern	sir	third	turn	curds
pert	stir	first	burn	chirp
jerk	dirt	cur	purr	skirt
term	bird	fur	burr	shirt

In the following words "ou" and "ow" are pronounced alike.

cow	down	gown	loud	south
bow	town	out	count	mouth
wow	crown	pout	found	sound
now	brown	shout	grou..	proud
how	drown	our	mouse	..nd
fowl.	frown	sour	house	